

The National Republican.

Terms to Subscribers:
 Published (by mail, postage prepaid), per year, \$2.00; six months, \$1.00; three months, \$0.50. To city subscribers, delivered by carrier—per year, \$2.00; per month, \$0.50.
 Weekly edition (postage prepaid), per year, \$1.50; six months, \$0.75.
 Sample copies sent on application.
 Remittances may be made at our risk, either by draft, express, postoffice order, postal note, or registered letter. Money sent in any other way is at the risk of the person sending it. Address:
 THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN,
 Washington, D. C.
 Entered at the P. O. as second class mail matter.
 Postage on single copies, 2 cents.

Advertisements.
 NATIONAL.—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence.
 FORD'S.—Boston Ideal Opera Company.
 CONQUE.—Harry Montague in "Habel's Dream."
 DINE MICHEN.—Maiden and evening performance.

Auction Sales.
 TO-DAY.
 By WALTER B. WILLIAMS—Sale of fine silks at Tyler & Chewings.
 By J. H. SHENK & Co.—Trustee's sale of valuable improved property.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1884.

COMBINATION booms are dangerous and liable to explode at any moment.

THE senate committee will soon be on the track of the Danville murderers.

SURELY Mr. Fitz-John Porter cannot truthfully say that the confederate brigadiers are ungrateful.

THE REPUBLICAN desires to inform Mr. Charles Foster that the republican nominee for president will be elected, and it will not require a "Wormly conference" to pull him through.

It is stated on good authority that the Illinois editorial excursionists, now sojourning in Washington, are real, sure enough editors. There is not a dry goods clerk or a deck hand in the lot.

GALLANT Phil Sheridan applied the term of "banditti" to the Louisiana white leaguers for less atrocious murders than were committed by the Virginia democracy in the recent campaign in that state.

THE sectional issue is dead beyond resurrection.—New York Times.

So is Matthews, who was killed for his political opinions by your national friends at Hazlehurst, Miss., and so are the eight black men who were killed for being black by your conservative Virginia friends at Danville—and all within the last ninety days.

CHARLES FOSTER, of Ohio, retired statesman and politician, is the only republican of any prominence who has come to the front to declare that the nominee of the Chicago convention, whoever he may be, will not carry Ohio. Other gentlemen, equally as prominent, without the gloom and odor of the grave about them, declare differently. Ex-Gov. Foster will feel better after the resurrection.

THE New York Times follows Wendell Phillips into his grave with a scolding tirade against scolding, and the jaunty Tribune, unmindful of her former career, tosses her head as Samuel Johnson's friend Betty did when she boasted of having been "ruined," and regrets that Mr. Phillips did not die before he soiled his reputation by having opinions on other subjects than slavery.

THE civil service examination papers of one of the four persons who were furnished the secretary of the navy by the civil service commissioners as worthy of appointment to the civil service contained an insult to the President. There have been times when every gentleman in the land would have agreed that such an act entitled an applicant for a place to refusal. But now it seems that an indignity to the President, if not meritorious, is no drawback. This looks like very unskillful service reform.

A NUMBER of gentlemen representing the press of the great state of Illinois are in our city to-day. They come to look over the interesting sights and experience the cheerful hospitality of the capital city. THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN extends a cordial welcome to the excursionists. We hope when they return to their western homes it will be with minds filled with pleasant memories of our magnificent buildings, beautiful streets, more or less artistic monuments, and most particularly the very remarkable men now on exhibition in Washington.

It is fortunate that Mr. Hewitt has, as he says, "already formulated all the information necessary to submit suitable amendments" to Mr. Morrison's twenty minute and 20 per cent. tariff bill. Hewitt can tell instantly an article is named whether Morrison's 20 per cent. reduction is too much or too little. "The first step," says Mr. Hewitt to the New York Times's correspondent, "will be to apply the principle of Mr. Morrison's bill to every item in the tariff, and then by amendment to correct any case in which it would be injudicious, or in which it might be improved." How simple! Kind, thoughtful, industrious Mr. Hewitt! Mr. Morrison is to start each article off at 20 per cent. reduction, and Mr. Hewitt, having "all the necessary information," is to raise or lower, as may be judicious. But why does Mr. Morrison do anything at all? All Mr. Hewitt wants is a list of dutiable articles. Still it looks better for Morrison to do something, as he is the leader of the house.

THE long-drawn-out Fouard-Di Censola suit has at length come to an end with a verdict in favor of Col. Di Censola. It is a just verdict. Censola, while representing the government in Cyprus, carried on at great personal expense excavations on the site of several ancient Egyptian cities, and rescued from oblivion a very extensive and curious collection of objects of great archeological value. His discoveries made a great sensation at the time among scholars and antiquarians, all conceding their great interest and worth. The purchase of the collection by the New York Museum of Arts was regarded as a cause for congratulation by all the scholarly and artistic elements of the country. Fouard, a dealer in antiquities, attacked

Censola, depreciating the value of his discoveries and accusing him of fraudulent practices in the way of restorations of certain of the objects. Smarting under his attacks, Col. Di Censola branded Fouard and his allies as liars, which led to the libel suit in which the gallant colonel has won a righteous triumph over his detractors. As the costs of the suit will be from \$30,000 to \$40,000, it seems likely that Fouard will think he has paid rather dearly for the left-handed satisfaction of having the jury endorse his opponent's opinion, which caused him to bring suit.

Democratic Quack Doctors.

The democratic managers who have agreed on the Ohio tariff platform plank, which coddles the employed and damns the employers, must now tell the workmen how to have factories in which the rich shall lose some of their money and the poor shall pick it up. Or it would answer every purpose if they would propose some plan whereby more of the profits of manufacturing shall go to the operatives and less to the proprietors. It is now their chief employment to advocate the destruction of the manufacturing interests, which they call monopolies. They want a tariff, they say, which will not foster these monopolies. What monopoly have American manufacturers? Is it a monopoly when the duties on foreign goods are at a rate which does not exclude, but which does limit the amount of importations? Do not foreign goods now compete with those of home manufacture, and do not American manufacturers compete with each other? Is the democratic talk about not "fostering monopolies" by a protective tariff anything better, then, than a fraud and a falsehood by implication? If the joint profits of capital and labor are unfairly divided between them, is there any democratic remedy for the wrong. Will Mr. Senator-elect Payne, who knows all about fostering monopolies, and monopolizing Fosters, and who dotes on the Ohio platform, please tell the laboring man how the democrats are going to have two tariffs—one for the employers and one for the employed? How can American labor be benefited by a tariff that punishes capital for its avarice? And how can capital be punished for its greed by a tariff that rewards labor for its industry? Capital and labor united in the manufacturing interest must be helped or hurt together. Every man knows that who will do just one minute's thinking. Let the democratic laborer ask the soft-handed, sleek-faced, and pot-bellied demagogue who seeks to wheedle his vote by cursing his employer as a monopolist whether he has any other work to give him after he robs him of his present employment. And if he has none, then let him bespeak whether the democratic party is going to fix the wages of labor by law, and compel capital to remain invested at the new prices. This is the only test. Men who have no incomes want work. They may not always be well paid; but work they want and must have. What knavery it is for men with houses to live in, and the safety of women and children to care for, to seek political power at the risk of the public peace, as they do when they endeavor to create discontent with conditions they know they cannot change and burdens they have no plan for lightening.

The democratic tariff doctors are quacks, who sell bread pills to tolerably healthy people by convincing them that they are sick.

The Fitz-John Porter Bill.

On the passage of the Fitz-John Porter bill in the house, seventy-seven republicans voted no, and twenty republicans were paired against it. Nineteen republicans voted for the bill, and the remainder—something like a score—refrained from voting. Only one democrat voted against it. This obliteration of the history of Aug. 20, 1862, was a fitting act for the democratic party. It was what Gen. George H. Thomas once described as an act of self-forgiveness. The democratic party of the south was the confederacy and the northern wing tried to make it a success. We have no fault to find with the war democrats of the confederacy who still adhere to the lost cause, or with their allies, the peace democrats of the north, for thus decorating any union general they may deem worthy of their honor. But the republican senate should pause before consenting to it.

Gen. Porter so idolized McClellan and so hated Pope that he refused to do his duty as a soldier. He preferred, at whatever cost of lives and disaster to the national cause, that the confederates should prevail against Pope's command. If his conduct has not been leniently dealt with, then military orders are not binding on inferior officers in the field. He may have hoped that the union cause might survive Pope's defeat, which he was, by inebriation aiding the enemy to accomplish, but he evidently did not intend that Pope's military reputation should survive McClellan's if he could help it, whatever the consequences might be. The bill is a strictly party measure. Its republican supporters in both houses are too few to give it any other complexion. If the senate passes it, we hope it may, nevertheless, fail to become a law.

Ohio This Year.

We print in another column interviews with prominent Ohioans and extracts from leading papers brought out by the recent interview with ex-Gov. Foster, to the effect that Ohio would give its electoral vote to the democratic candidate for president unless the Chicago convention nominates some man personally satisfactory to Mr. Foster. It is not surprising that sensible men and sensible papers should resent the Foster nonsense. Ex-Gov. Foster is hardly in a position to prophesy as to Ohio. It is well known that he was an issue in the last campaign in that state. Foster made the canvass with the understanding that he was to be a candidate for the senate. The result was a complete democratic victory, and to such an extent was Foster held responsible for the defeat that the republican members of the legislature, instead of giving him a complimentary vote for senator, contented themselves with casting blank ballots. The opinions of Messrs. Sherman, McKinley, Morey, the two Taylors, Robinson, McCormick, ex-Congressman Neal, Murat Halstead, Edwin Cowles, Mr. Ogilvie,

chairman of the republican state central committee, and others are worth considerably more than are the opinions of the retired statesman of Fostoria.

Wendell Phillips.

The death of Wendell Phillips at his home, in Boston, on Saturday evening, at the ripe age of 72, was the end of one of the most marked characters of our times. For twenty-four years before the civil war he was the fiercest and most eloquent anti-slavery agitator in the land. His nature was an intense one and his intellectual activity and storm-tossing. He possessed the art of putting things in an eminent degree, and in his assaults upon public men who upheld or who failed to antagonize slavery he was merciless and at times unjust. His oratory, though in its matter rich with historical allusions, was simple and direct, and his manner was wholly free from vehemence and dramatic rant. His charm was in what he said rather than in his way of saying it. He was not only absolutely without fear of the mob, which in his early years was often enraged at him, but he rather seemed to court its anger and delight in taming it by his nerve and his disdain. In the days when "the better class" in Boston paid court to the slaveholders, as it now does to their sons, Phillips was often in great personal danger at the hands of what he sincerely described sometimes as "the property and standing," and sometimes as "the broadcloth mob." On such occasions it was frequently found necessary to resort to strategy to induce him to forego his determination to speak. In 1839, after John Brown had been sentenced to death, and before his execution, Phillips delivered an address in Brooklyn, with "John Brown" as the subject. He was hissed, but went on to the end, as on all previous occasions, unharmed by those whose rage he purposely inflamed to the utmost. During the war he was seldom satisfied with the progress affairs were making, and appeared often as a critic and an alarmist. He has been unable of late years to see the realization of the hopes aroused by the emancipation and enfranchisement of the blacks, and has kept up a running fire against the republican party. Indeed, he never could subordinate his ideal, and, of course, could never realize it under any political organization. Hence he remained a strong individuality, bold as one of the Hebrew prophets of old, attacking men, parties, and systems, but ever standing for some cause which seemed to him good and wanting in advocates. He was not so much a pilot on the political sea as he was an alarm signal. He was by no means a model statesman or philosopher, but rather one of those fiery cynics who hate sham, and who do good work in turning upon them the light of truth. It would be well for the country if it could here and there have a Wendell Phillips to lash with his scorn and invective the stolidity and indifference to wrong with which so many of the people are drugged, but it would not be desirable to have our youth brought up generally to imitate him. No higher tribute could have been paid to his high moral worth and integrity than the fact that he was chiefly employed for many years in the settlement of the estates of widows and orphans. He leaves behind him the fame of a scholar, an orator, and a lover of his race.

Booms and Boomers.

The candidate for president who undertakes to make headway for himself by charging that other candidates prominently mentioned cannot carry this state or that state is standing on very slippery ground. The national convention will meet this year with a determination to find out who will be the strongest candidate and nominate that man. Brass bands, gong beaters, and literary bureaus will not count for much. Neither will bluster nor petty detraction. It is a very healthy indication for the party when the great mass of its members take little interest in the cool deliberation of its representative men who will be assigned the duty of selecting the candidates. No man's nor no candidate's personal interests should have a feather's weight in forming that decision. With a candidate so selected a united party will come to his support, and the result will be a grand victory.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE NATIONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Florence open their engagement at the National to-night with "Facts, or His Little Hatchet," a new play by Gill and Jessop, and one specially adapted to the genius of these comedians. It is now in Washington, but has been highly spoken of wherever it has been played. It will run to-night and Tuesday and Wednesday nights, with the "Mighty Dollar" the remaining nights of the week and Saturday matinee.

Mr. John McLaughlin, who has long been securely established in local favor, follows the Florences at the National next week. "Virginius," "Richardson," and "Julius Caesar" are the plays selected for the opening performances. Mr. Price, agent for the tragedian, reports that the latter is having a very brilliant season.

FORD'S.

"Fatinizta" is the opera given to-night at Ford's by the Boston Ideal opera company. It has been heard in Washington with great favor, and its music is deservedly popular. The full strength of the company is in the cast. Fatinizta affords a good opportunity of comparing the fine voices of this company.

REMYNY.

Remenyi, the great violinist, will give a concert at the Congressional church on the thirteenth instant, supported by a company of solo artists. There can be no question as to the genius of this artist. He has extorted admiration from the coldest critics as warmly as from an enthusiastic people. His power over the violin is marvelous, reminding us of the traditions of Paganini. His support is said to be worthy the great musician.

A Word for the Consumer.

There is a good deal in the papers about retaliation on France and Germany because they will not cut their pork. It is called the retaliation of those consumers to be sold at a low price at home here. That is very hard for the farmers, but the consumers of pork, the people who buy a chunk to eat, are not worrying about France and Germany. They are not petitioning congress to retaliate very much. They are millions of consumers who would not care if pork never got any higher. We should think of the poor consumer occasionally.

ON THE AVENUE.

Small Talk About Men and Measures.

They were talking about the honesty of congressmen. One gentleman remarked that members of the committees on public lands, banking, and currency, and others, which had to do with legislation affecting the value of stocks, had splendid opportunities to make money by selling or buying, according to the report which their committees would make. Said the gentleman from Alabama: "That's what the New York legislature thought once a good many years ago. Some bright genius went around among the legislators and explained that by pressing a bill laying very grievous burdens on the Harlem railroad they could drive the stock of that road clear down into the ground. All they had to do was to sell Harlem short before the public got an inkling of the bill. All the legislators sold Harlem short and then passed the bill, but the queer thing was that Harlem stock went away up instead of down. The legislators found out that old Commodore Vanderbilt had bought all that they had sold, on margins of course, and after putting the price at a frightfully high figure was calling on the legislators to deliver the stock. They couldn't get the stock to deliver, and Vanderbilt had them cornered. He did not let up on them until they had passed another bill, not only relieving the Harlem road of the burdens which they had just imposed upon it, but granting it great privileges which it did not before possess."

"I don't believe," said the gentleman from Pennsylvania, "that any other state legislature in this union can be bought and sold like that of New York. There are recognized brokers at Albany who secure or prevent legislation according to the money offered. A man goes to one of these brokers and says he wants such a measure passed. The broker makes some figures and says, 'That will cost you so much.' If he gets the money he never fails to carry out his contract. It seems to be generally understood that legislation at Albany is to be secured by bribery, and I haven't seen many New Yorkers who appeared to be ashamed of it. Once upon a time Jim Fisk had been selling more Erie stock than there was. Vanderbilt had been buying, and had got Fisk cornered. Fisk went to the nearest printing press and had the printer print for him \$10,000,000 worth of new, new, fresh Erie stock. He offered this worthless stuff to Vanderbilt as a delivery of what he had sold. Of course Vanderbilt refused it, and the matter got into the courts. Before it could be settled the legislature met, and Fisk undertook to get his \$10,000,000 issue legalized. Vanderbilt tried to prevent it. That was the harvest for legislators. One man told me something of it. He was on a subcommittee which considered the bill. He got well paid for reporting the bill favorably to the full committee, and then he got better paid from the other side for voting, in the full committee, against his own report. When it came to the passage of the bill this man saw, as the voting went on, that it was likely to be a tie. He sneaked off in the cloak room with representatives of both parties after him. It was a tie with his vote, and he got \$40,000 to vote for and carry the bill. I don't know how much he had previously received from both sides, but this was the final plan. It explains why men are so anxious to get into the New York legislature."

A leading merchant from a western city, who has been here for a week past to personally investigate the prospect of the bill extending the bonded period on whiskey becoming a law, left yesterday morning for his home. Previous to his departure he had conferences with these members of congress and others who are supporting this measure, and says that he could not extract one atom of comfort from what they had to report as to the possibility of passing the bill. Said he: "I am now going home and am going to devote myself to preparing for the crash in the price of fine whiskeys that is inevitable. I have made heavy advances in this line of goods, and I propose to get a market for the greater portion of them as soon as I can. It is utter folly for those of us who are financially interested in the whiskey that must come out of bond between this and the first week in July next to expect any relief whatever at the hands of congress. There is not the remotest possibility of the passage of a whiskey bill."

One of the characters of Fifteenth street is "Banana Jake," who dispenses faded tropical fruit, peanuts, and fossilized taffy to the crowd of messenger boys, bootblacks, and gamins who haunt the corner near the Western Union telegraph office. Jake exerts himself to please his customers and to keep the flagging clear of banana skins, and usually succeeds in doing both. One day last week, however, the polishing brigade got up a run on peanuts, and a single peel escaped the old Italian's eye. A slim tailor's sign of the pure type of "Dude" came mincing along and fell with a terrible thud, completely annihilating a wide-brimmed silk hat, which he set down upon with force enough to have sent a hemlock pile out of sight in the stiff mud on the Potomac flats. When the exquisite recovered his voice he proceeded to abuse Jake and his customers with a fluency that made the cab drivers halt and prepare to add new abjurations to their stock in trade for future use. Jake stood all this and only smiled, until the battered dude began to reflect upon the fruit. Then the Neapolitan's swart face flushed, and with a warning glitter in his eyes, he exclaimed: "Goulatave, goulatave, Maletede. I fa ada my stullaw, I da stulla yobela fulla holes."

"Come with me," said the old resident, "and I will give you a faint idea of the deep hold that Anglophobia and dudism have taken in this city. This is Connecticut avenue, and on any clear Sunday afternoon it is always thronged, just as it is to-day. You see that group there, stretching clear across the pavement?"

"You'd think they were sucking diplomats—attaches of the various legations. Well, they are not. Two of 'em are government clerks, three others are senators' sons, and—by the eternal, one of 'em is a newspaper correspondent. Now, they are all pretty bright fellows, but they've caught this thing and it's broke out on 'em thicker than the measles. I've got a boy now with the first symptoms manifesting themselves on him. He's got a coat that resembles the one my wife's coachman wears, and has bought a cane, with a silver bird's head on it, that he sucks from morning till night. Now, I made my money as a shoemaker, and if I had ever made such pair as I saw on his feet this morning I'd azone off and hung myself. And—good Lord! There he is now. Let's go back; the sight makes me sick."

"Miss Ober, allow me to present THE REPUBLICAN." The Avenue Man bowed most gracefully over the extended hand and looked up to meet the friendly glance of the most successful manager of English opera in the country. Miss Ober is rather petite in figure, with handsome, intelligent features, and possesses just those characteristics to make a

newcomer feel, first, thoroughly comfortable, and then inquisitively friendly. In the course of a brief conversation she admitted that the ideal company had met with its usual success in a season that had covered dates as far northwest as St. Paul, but that they all were glad to reach Washington. Said she, "I always feel glad to get to your beautiful city. It reminds me most of Paris, with its broad, smooth carriage ways and beautiful buildings."

"No, I shall not be able to produce the new opera of Edmond Andran's here, and I am afraid will not find it possible to begin its rehearsal for some weeks yet. I have anglicized its title and will call it 'Suzette, or the Awakened Sleeper,' instead of 'La Dormeuse Eveillee.' The delay arises from the fact that the music has not all reached me, part of it being on the Atlantic to-night. While I await, of course, speak positively, I believe it will prove even more successful than any previous work of M. Andran. It will be mounted in every respect exactly as it was produced at the Bouffes in Paris, as I have duplicated the costumes and properties, and, as it is the first French opera purchased directly from the author by an American manager, I shall do all in my power to make it a success. The plot is full of interest and action, and, musically, it is full of color, the choruses being bright and taking and the lyrics strikingly beautiful, so that I think it will please the American public beyond a doubt."

To the inquiry of how she had managed to hold her company, which embraces so much leading talent, together, in the face of the pressure brought by other managers, Miss Ober said: "You see, we were all friends at the beginning, and I was then engaged to make the dates for our concert. We started for a season of four weeks in Boston, and since then our success has been surprising, even to ourselves. The warm friendship we started with has never been shaken, and I believe will outlast our every future success."

Secretary Chandler and the Civil Service. Secretary Chandler told a reporter Saturday that an examination of the papers of the persons certified to him by the civil service commission satisfied him that all of them were unfitted for the work to be done, for the reason that they were deficient in penmanship, copying, and orthography. He returned the papers to the commission with the suggestion that to that effect. He did not wish his action to be understood as an attack on the civil service law, as he had no intention of attacking that law. He was strongly in favor of the civil service act, but he did not feel that the provisions compelled him to accept a clerk who he considered incompetent. He would rather have a vacancy in his clerical force than appoint a man whose examination papers showed him to be unable to meet the requirements. He had referred the matter back to the commission, in the hope that they would send him the names of more competent men to select from. He would, however, be bound by the action of the commission in the matter.

Greely Relief Expedition. Capt. George Brown, U. S. N., now on duty on Staten Island as inspector of the third light house district, is generally understood to have been the choice of the secretary of the navy as the best officer available to be placed in command of the proposed Greely relief expedition. When, however, the subject was broached to him he showed it, it is said, an evident disinclination to the duty as the matter before dropped. He has not yet formally offered of the command in question had been made. There is scarcely a doubt that he would be given the direction of the expedition if he desired it.

Mrs. Miller to be Examined. Secretary Folger has referred the application of Mrs. Mary A. Miller, for a license as master of a steamboat, to the local inspectors of the New Orleans district, with instructions to examine her as to her qualifications for the position, and, in case she is found competent, to issue to her the desired license.

"Gath" on Wall Street Morals.

This vice of speculation puts into the shade all the dishonesties and weaknesses of the past. When Benedict Arnold concluded that the American cause would be lost, and made a trade through which he sold the British commander at New York, he was so bad a man that no whitewash would ever lift him to his feet in the United States. We almost instinctively regard men who defend Arnold as probably rotten somewhere, yet Arnold was only a type of the speculator of the present time—I mean the unscrupulous speculator, who is willing to take advantage of the losses of his country in battle, of the want of faith now and then among the people, of pestilence and famine, and whatever comes along, for the sake of making some money to put in his pocket. Now is that man any better than the man who sold out his country in its great struggle for a separate political existence and the chance to make this new world adaptable to the people who had shaken the dust of the old world from their feet? My sympathies have not turned in favor of Arnold, but I can understand him better than I can understand the speculator. The latter lives out half his days. They are racked with passions and superstitions and fears. Their children seldom get the benefit of their parents' example and time; they become aware that their parents are conducting some game of villainy to the ruin of the nation, but they cannot see the end of it. Indeed, I feel little to justify the excessive zeal for wealth. The happiest persons I know are those who must work in some regular path through the hours of business and who after business is over cease to scheme and sit down with families or enjoy their friends or improve their minds.

They Wanted to be Sure of It.

A very singular system of lack of system is employed in alleged attempts by the Associated Press to furnish this country with European news. One day we are startled by the intelligence that two policemen in a small town have been dismissed for breach of discipline; at another time, harrowed by a ten-line dispatch telling how a stoker on a railroad had his leg broken. On Wednesday one of the most important business failures of the year occurred in London, the liabilities amounting to nearly \$5,000,000. The stock exchange was demoralized. One of the firm succeeded, and it seems certain that creditors will be robbed of about \$4,000,000—this sum representing only trust deposits and not ordinary business transactions. Private dispatches told of this on Wednesday. The Associated Press agents permitted it to be sent to press for publication every day morning. It is intimated in New York that the failure to furnish this news was hardly due to accident or oversight, but that the matter was kept back in the interests of stock operators on the bull side in Wall street. We would be very sorry to believe that this was true.

Two Brigadier Generals.

The two brigadier generals who are in deadly opposition at Washington, Kiefer and Boynton, represent the two parallel races which have advanced to the conquest of the west, the North-Irish and the German. Both these men are rather exaggerated types of these races. Mr. Kiefer has the stolidity, heavy impact, and dragon courage of the old Germanic soldier. Mr. Boynton was in Kentucky at the breaking out of the war, at a military academy, and he went into the union army and suffered a severe wound. Embittered personal feelings often produce exaggerated statements from both combatants, and after a superficial look at the merits of this case I think that both the gentlemen had interpreted too much and allowed their recollections to be colored by the blood in their brains.

Porter's Indirect Services.

The Atlanta Constitution thinks that as "the southern people were off on a picnic excursion" at the time of Fitz-John Porter's offending, it would be the proper thing for the representatives from that section to stand back and let the congressmen from the north fight it out. The suggestion is wise and timely, though it would speedily settle Mr. Porter. If he is ever restored to his seat in the army it will be by the votes of southern members and senators, and the indirect service he rendered them is doubtless sufficient to make their vote solid in his favor, as was demonstrated in the house last Friday.

CURRENT GOSSIP.

MY DEAD.

Where shall I bury him, this Love of mine? Where shall his beauty and a resting place, That can shut out the glory of his face From morning's joy and evening's tender shine Of distant stars above the floating clouds? He was so ardent in his sweet, short life, And now so cold within his burial shroud! With ecstasy his every day was rife— But now no pulses thrill beneath my hand; No heart-beats answer mine, with warm desire; No kindling flush obeys my eyes' command; But while and all he lieth there! O heart! That can't not tell me the torch's fire! No skill may reunite Love's broken part!

II.

Let I have found a resting place for love! Here shall I bury him—within my soul, That erst delighted in his sweet control And with his life my being interweave. Existence was but many empty days, Until he taught me to my own heart's lore; He crowned me with his wreath of deathless days, Enriched me with his passion's glowing rays, He lit the world with his brilliant play of eyes. He perfumed earth with his celestial breath, And in his kiss I tasted Paradise! Now fragrance, light, and happiness have fled! I love my life in Love's most cruel death, And in my soul I hear his dead cry:—
—Lee C. Hargis, in the Current.

THE bones of Red Jacket, the famous Indian, which are in a savings bank vault in Buffalo, will soon be buried in the Forest Lawn cemetery, near that city.

A NUMBER of old English coins, supposed to have been dropped and lost by British Hessians on their march back or forth in Jersey, have been found on a farm near Keyport.

IMPORTED silk now comes from New Jersey, English pudding is manufactured in Delaware, French sauces are made in Connecticut, and Rhine wines are bottled in California.

BISMARCK—Well, Billy, how goes it? Emperor William—"I'm feeling like a jay bird. Send out an official bulletin that I'm not able to get out of bed, and let's see what these dundrums Frenchmen will say about us."

THE legislature of Arizona offered \$2 for every Apache scalp brought in, and the Indian hunters not being very successful in bringing in the genuine article, a Connecticut genius in that section of the country invented and made a scalp which very nearly passed muster.

INDIANapolis clergymen have struck a terrible blow at the universal custom of holding funerals on week days and in private houses, that the corpse be secluded from the public, and that burial be private on the day after the ceremony.

THERE are more varieties of climate in the United States than any other nation can show. It is about the only country in the world where a man wrapped in a fur coat and with a gun slung down over his ears can telegraph to a friend, and have his message received by an operator sitting in his shirt sleeves and fanning himself with a straw hat.

THE tea drinkers of America form an army of no small proportions, judging by the statistics of tea imports. The total importations for the last four years were: 1880, \$1,746,400 pounds; 1881, 7,886,710 pounds; 1882, 7,457,840 pounds; 1883, 65,000,000 pounds. The imports of last year were: 18,000,000 pounds; blacks (all kinds), 12,000,000 pounds; Japan, 32,000,000 pounds.

DARBY GREEN, of Redding, Conn., is the oldest man in that state. He was born in 1779, and is now in his 104th year. His faculties are well preserved, and his physical powers are in good trim. He walks two or three miles every day without fatigue. He was 7 years of age when the declaration of independence was published, and well advanced in life when Washington died.

MISS LLOYD, who is to go into history as the only genuine "Bunthorne's Bride," is not only pretty and talented, but rich, so that when she becomes Mrs. George Wide, she need not feel of passion and of pain will not (happily for them both) be dependent upon her publishers for their bread and butter. The story that they were to live in Dublin, her present home, is contradicted, and neither will the Grosvenor gallery be closed, nor Mr. Du Maurier be forced to resign from Punch by the loss of his best subject.

SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, the leader of the Canadian government party, charges that Minister West's official reports to the British government are inaccurate. Recently Mr. West made a lengthy report to his government on United States immigration, confirming the report of the United States consul, that the immigration to this country from Canada, through the Canadian government does not concede, and Sir Alexander charges that Mr. West made up his report from the American papers, without regard to their accuracy.

HERMAN HUNT, the artist, believes that Shakespeare's sonnets were addressed, not to any unknown love or cherished male friend, but to his wife, Anne Hathaway. When confronted by the argument that all this exquisite fondness could not be intended for the lady to whom the poet left the slightest legacy of a second-best bed, he replies that, as it was then English law and custom that a man's heirs should inherit his best bed, Shakespeare gave the choicest of his sonnets legally give to his widow. So strongly has the fair image of Anne Hathaway impressed itself on Mr. Hunt's mind that he has been painting a very beautiful and noble picture of her.

THE arrival of Chinese troops on the island of Hainan to protect it from French occupation, has caused great excitement among the natives and foreigners of the island. A report of the island. They are daily insulted and threatened by the mob. Two foreigners have been stoned, not seriously injured. A British gunboat lies in the harbor, but could render little assistance in case of a sudden outbreak. The island is about thirteen miles south of the Chinese province of Quang-Si; its area is 13,000 square miles, and its population 25,000. Its mountain regions have never been explored. The French have threatened to occupy this island and the island of Formosa, to compel China to pay indemnity for the Tonquin war expenses.

DANIEL LAMBERT, the noted Englishman, who at the time of the death weighed 739 pounds, has always been regarded as the heaviest person on record, but Mrs. Amelia Brooks, who died at St. Louis some time ago, is said to have weighed between 900 and 1,000 pounds. The West Tennessee Whip in 1864, in announcing the death of Miles Harden, at a place called Lexington, Tenn., said: "The deceased was beyond all question the largest man in the world. His height was seven feet six inches—two inches higher than Porter, the celebrated Kentucky giant. His weight was a fraction over 1,000 pounds! It required seventeen men to put him in his coffin, and it took over four hundred men to carry it to the grave. He measured six feet four inches around the waist."

MR. EDWARD FIELD, author of "Lakeside Musings" in the Chicago Tribune, has resigned his position on that paper to become general traveling agent for "Warner's Safe Kidney Cure." Mr. Field was for many years advance agent for the old original Dan Rice circus, and when that circus collapsed he drifted into journalism as an incongruous excitement in Arizona he abandoned his newspaper and turned up in Chicago with the Buffalo Bill combination, and while writing press notices for Mr. Bill he discovered the humorous vein which has made his "Lakeside Musings" the envy of all the Chicago papers. It is understood that the Warner Safe Kidney Cure company pay Mr. Field a princely salary, only requiring of him two street lectures a week on the merits of their remedy.

MRS. MAICK, a Hungarian, whose husband came to this country eighteen months ago, devised a clever and simple way to get over her first husband's death. She had been living in Pennsylvania, and she determined to join him. She got as far as Bremen when her money gave out, she met a young man named Hudok, who fell in love with her. She represented herself as a single woman, but refused to marry him until they reached this country, where he had his money. Upon arrival at Castle Garden she stated that she could not marry him until her lover, whom she represented